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A CONSULTATION.

CONCLUDED.

"Without knowing it," he thought, "the Doctor has given me excellent advice. Fight Bouchereau! not so stupid. I should kill him; I am so unlucky! and then how could I re-appear before Virginia! The little coquette views me with no indifferent eye; and luckily I have made love to her for the last three months, so that when the grand day comes, she cannot suppose I love her money. Kill Bouchereau! that *would* be absurd. Let him die in his bed, the dear man—I shall not prevent it. I shall have plenty of fighting with my rivals, as soon as his wife is a widow. Six hundred thousand francs! They'll throng about her like bees around a honey-pot. But let them take care; I'm first in the field, and not the man to let them walk over my body."

The following morning, long before the consultations had begun, the Captain strode into Magnian's reception room.

"Doctor," said he, with military frankness, "what you said yesterday about Bouchereau's illness, has made me seriously reflect. I cannot fight a man who has only six months to live. Suppose I wound him: a hurt, of which another would get well, might be mortal to one in his state of health; and then I should reproach myself, all my life, with having killed an old friend for a mere trifle. Did he tell you the cause of our quarrel?"

"No," replied the Doctor, who, in his capacity of negotiator, thought himself at liberty to lie.

"A few hasty words," said Pelletier, deceived by Magnian's candid air; "in fact, I believe, I was in the wrong. You know I am very hasty; *apropos* of some trifle or other, I was rough to poor Bouchereau, and now I am sorry for it. In short, I have had enough duels to be able to avoid one without anybody suspecting a white feather in my wing. So if you will advise Bouchereau to let the matter drop I give you *carte blanche*. Between ourselves, I think he will not be sorry for it."

"You may find yourself mistaken, Captain," replied the Doctor, with admirable seriousness; "yesterday Bouchereau was much exasperated; although of peaceable habits, he is a perfect tiger when his blood is up. It appears that you hurt his feelings, and unless you make a formal apology——"

"Well, well," interrupted Pelletier, "it is no much in my way to apologize, and this is the first time; but with an old friend, I will stretch a point. I would rather make concessions than have to reproach myself hereafter. Shall we go to Bouchereau?"

"Let us go," said the Doctor, who could hardly help smiling to see how the voice of interest instilled sensibility and humanity into the heart of a professed duellist.

When Magnian and the officer entered his drawing-room, Bouchereau, who had not shut his eyes the whole night, experienced all the sensations of the criminal to whom sentence of death is read. But the first words spoken restored fluidity to his blood, for a moment frozen in his veins. The Captain made the most explicit and formal apology, and retired after shaking the hand of his old friend, who, overjoyed at his escape, did not show himself very exacting.

"Doctor, you are a sorcerer!" cried Bouchereau, as he found himself alone with the physician.

"It is almost part of my profession," replied Magnian, laughing. "However, the terrible affair is nearly arranged. I have done my share; do yours. When shall you set out for the South?"

The satisfaction depicted on Bouchereau's physiognomy vanished, and was replaced by sombre anxiety.

"Doctor," said he, in an altered voice, "you must tell me the truth; I have resolution to hear my sentence with calmness; my chest is attacked, is it not?"

"You mean your head."

"My head also!" cried Bouchereau, positively green with terror.

"You are mad," said the Doctor, shrugging his shoulders; "I would willingly change my chest for yours."

"You deceive me. I cannot forget what escaped you yesterday. I coughed all night long, and I have a pain between my shoulders which I never perceived before."

"All fancy!"

"I feel what I feel," continued Bouchereau, gloomily; "I do not fear death: but I confess that I could not, without regret, bid an eternal adieu, in the prime of life, to my wife and family. It is my duty to be cautious for their sake, if not for my own. Instead of writing to Virginia to return home, I will join her at Fontainbleau, and start at once for Nice."

"Go," said the doctor, "the journey cannot hurt you."

"But do you think it will benefit me?"

"Without a doubt."

"It is not too late, then, to combat this frightful malady."

"Oh, you are not very far gone," said Magnian, ironically. "I shall be at Nice myself in less than six weeks, so that you are sure to be attended by a physician in whom you have confidence, if, contrary to all probability, your state of health requires it.'

The two friends parted; the Doctor laughing at his patient's fears, the patient imagining himself in imminent peril, and almost doubting whether it would not have been better to fall by the terrible sword of Captain Pelletier than to linger and expire, in the flower of his age, upon an inhospitable foreign shore. In two days, Bouchereau, haunted by his funeral visions, had taken out his passport, arranged his affairs, and completed his preparations. Getting into a post-chase, he made his unexpected appearance at Fontainbleau; and exerting his martial authority to an extent he had never previously ventured upon, he carried off his wife, stupified by such a sudden decision, and greatly vexed to leave Paris, which Pelletier's languishing epistles had lately made her find an unusually agreeable residence. By the end of the week, the husband and wife, one trembling for his life, the other regretting her admirer, arrived at Nice, where, towards the close of the autumn, they were joined by Dr. Magnian, who thus showed himself scrupulously exact in the fulfilment of his promise..

On an evening of the month of April following, the tragedy of *Les Horaces* was performed at the *Theatre Francais*. Thanks to the young talent of Mademoiselle Rachel, rather than to the old genius of Corneille, the house was crowded. In the centre of the right-hand balcony, Capt. Pelletier, accompanied by some blusterers of the same kidney, talked loud, laughed ditto, criticised the actors and spectators, and disturbed all his neighbors, without any one venturing to call him to order; so powerful, in certain cases, is the influence of an insolent look, a ferocious moustache, and an elephantine build.

After examining with his opera glass every corner of the theatre, from the pit to the roof, the Captain at last caught sight of a group, snugly installed in a comfortable box, which at once fixed his attention. It consisted of Monsieur and Madame Bouchereau, in front, and of Doctor Magnian, seated behind the lady. The appearance and attitude of these three persons were characteristic. With his usual pallid complexion and unhappy look, his eyes adorned with a pair of blue spectacles—a new embellishment, which he owed toan imaginary ophthalmia—the pacific husband whiled away the *entr'acte* by the study of a play-bill, which he abandoned when the curtain rose, to bestow his deepest attention on the actors, even though none but the inferior characters were on the stage. Madame Bouchereau trifled with an elegant nosegay, whose perfume she frequently inhaled, and whose crimson flowers contrasted so well with the fairness of her complexion, as to justify a suspicion that there was some coquetry in the manœuvre executed with such apparent negligence. Leaning back in her chair she frequently turned her head, the better to hear Magnian's smiling and half-whispered remarks. The husband paid no attention to their conversation, and did not seem to remark its intimate and confidential character.

"Who is it you have been looking at for the last quarter of an hour?" inquired one of the Captain's comrades. "At your old flame Bouchereau? I thought you had forgotten her long ago."

"I did not know she had returned from Nice,' replied Pelletier, with a reserved air.

"She has been at Paris a fortnight."

"Does not Bouchereau look very ill? The southern climate has not done him much good. He is twice as pale as before he went. Poor Bouchereau!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the officer, "you have been gulled by the story of the decline? That is really too good."

"What is too good?" asked the Captain, abruptly.

"The trick that rogue Magnian played Bouchereau and you: for, if I may judge from your astonished look, you also have been mystified."

"Berton, you abuse my patience." said Pelletier, in a surly tone.

"Wolves do not eat one another," replied Berton, laughing; "so let us talk without anger. The story is this:—all Paris, except yourself, has been laughing at it for a week past. It appears that on the one hand, although no one suspected it, the aforesaid Magnian was in love with Madame Bouchereau, and that, on the other, finding himself threatened with a pulmonary complaint, he thought it advisable to pass the winter in a warm climate. What did the arch-schemer? He persuaded Bouchereau that it was he, Bouchereau, whose chest was affected; sent him off to Nice with his pretty wife, and, at his leisure, without haste or hurry, joined them there. You have only to look at them, as they sit yonder; to guess the *denouement* of the history. The appropriate label for their box would be the title of one of Paul de Kock's last novels; *la Femme, le Mari, et l'Amant.*—Magnian is a cunning dog, and has very ingenious ideas. Fearing, doubtless, that the husband might be too clear-sighted, he threatened him with an ophthalmia, and made him were blue spectacles. Clever, wasn't it? and a capital story?'

"Charming, delightful!" cried the Captain, with a smile that resembled a gnashing of teeth.

The tragedy was over. Dr. Magnian left his box; Pelletier followed his example. The next minute the two men met in the lobby.

"Doctor, a word with you," said the officer, sternly.

"Two, if you like, Captain," was Magnian's jovial reply.

"It appears, that in spite of your prognostics Bouchereau is in perfect health."

"Voudriez-vous qu'il mourût? Would you have him die?" said the Doctor, parodying with a comical emphasis the delivery of Joanny, who had taken the part of the father of the Horatii.

"I know you are excellent at a joke," retorted Pelletier, whose vexation was rapidly turning to anger; "but you know that I am not accustomed to serve as a butt. Be good enough to speak seriously. Is it true that Bouchereau was never in danger?"

"In great danger, on the contrary. Was he not about fighting you?"

"So that when you sent him to Nice——?"

"It was to prevent the duel. As a physician, I watch over the health of my clients: and it was my duty to preserve Bouchereau from your sword, which is said to be a terrible malady.'

"One of which you will perhaps have to cure yourself before very long," exclaimed the Captain, completely exasperated by the Doctor's coolness. "The idiot Bouchereau may die of fear, or of anything else, I certainly shall not do him the honor to meddle with him; but you, my friend, so skilled in sharp jests, I shall be glad to see if your valor equals your wit."

The part of an unfortunate and mystified rival is so humiliating, that Pelletier's vanity prevented his stating his real ground of complaint and mentioning the name of Madame Bouchereau. The Doctor imitated his reserve, and listened to the officer's defiance with the same tranquil smile which had previously played upon his countenance.

"My dear Captain," he said, "at this moment you would particularly like to pass your good sword through my body, or to lodge a ball in my leg—for, in consideration of our old friendship, I presume you would spare my head. You shall have the opportunity, if you positively insist upon it. But if you kill me, who will arrange your marriage with Mademoiselle Nanteuil?"

Pelletier started at his adversary with an astonished look, which redoubled the Doctor's good humor.

"Who is Mademoiselle Nanteuil?" he at last said, his voice involuntarily softening.

"An amiable heiress whom I attend, altho' she is in perfect health; who has two hundred francs in possession, as much more in perspective, and who, if an intelligent friend undertook the negotiation, would consent, I think, to bestow her hand and fortune upon a good-looking fellow like yourself."

"Confound this Magnian!" said the Captain, taking the Doctor's arm, "it is impossible to be angry with him."

Adventures of an Artist.

Unquestionably the largest painting ever executed, is now being exhibited in the city of New York. It is a correct representeation of the Mississippi River, covering about three miles of canvass. The artist's name is Banvard, and it is the object of the annexed sketch to give some idea of the peculiarities of the genius who has immortalised himself by this stupendous work.

John Banvard was born in New York, and ceived his education at the high School, in that city. He showed the bent of his genius at a very early age. Being of delicate health, & confined in-doors much of the time, his favorite amusement was drawing and painting, and he thus became quite an accomplished draughtsman, while yet a mere boy. While his more favored brothers were in the open air at play, he would sometimes be in his room projecting instruments of natural science—a camera obscura, or a solar microscope. He once came very near losing his eye-sight by the explosion of a receiver, in which he was collecting hydrogen gas. His room was quite a laboratory and museum. He constructed a respectable dioramn of the sea, having moving boats, fish, & a naval engagement. He saved the pennies that were given him, and bought some types, and made a wooden printing press, and printed some hand-bills for his juvenile exhibition.—We have one of them now in our possession, & it is quite a genteel specimen of typography.

Young Banvard was intimate with Woodworth, the poet, the author of the "Old Oaken Bucket," whose family were neighbors to his father. He evinced a great taste for poetry, at which he early began to try his versatile genius. He wrote some very pretty verses on La Fayette's arrival in this country, when he was about nine years of age. He has continued occasionally to amuse his leisure hours in this way up to the present time, and several of his poetical productions have recently appeared in the city papers. His poem of the "White Fawn" which he recites to his audiences, in illustration of a scene in his beautiful picture, certainly stamps him a poet of no ordinary abilities.

When Banvard was about fifteen years of age his family met with a severe reverse of fortune. His father lived just long enough to see his property, collected by frugal industry and perseverance, swept from him by the indiscreet management of his partner, and his family turned houseless upon a pitiless world. John then went to the West poor and friendless, and far away from those he held dear. He arrived at Louisville, Kentucky, sought employment, and procured a situation in a drug store: but this did not suit his taste. Instead of making pills, his employer would often find him with a piece of chalk or coal, sketching the likenesses of his fellow clerks upon the walls of the rooms, where they were putting up medicines. His employer told him he tought he could make better likenesses than he could pills. John thought so too, and so "threw physic to the dogs," and left the druggist.

We next find him engaged in his favorite employment of painting—he having made an engagement to ornament and decorate a public garden. But this concern soon failed and left him without money or employment. At this time he was about sixteen years old. Our hero, nothing daunted, by persevering labor, obtained a little money, engaged a room, and pursued the business of painting for himself. The day had not arrived for success in his chosen pursuit; so being fond of adventure, he started down the river with some young men of his acquaintance, to seek anew his fortune.

When they had reached the mouth of the Saline river, they met with a disaster which well nigh proved fatal to the young artist. The river was lashed by a terrific storm; the night was dark; the boat broke loose from its moorings. By great exertions of all hands on board in pumping and bailing all night, they succeeded in keeping the craft afloat, and made a safe landing.

During this perilous night, our young adventurer, at the hazard of his own life, saved that of one of his comrades who fell overboard.—When day broke they discovered a stock boat but a few yards below them, whose proximity they had not discovered during the night, from the noise of the storm. It was an ill fated night for the stockboat. It was sunk, all the stock was drowned, and the men were found sitting on the bank nearly frozen, whom the more fortunate party generously relieved. A large number of boats met with a similar fate with the stock boat, on that fatal night.

The next we find of Banvard, he is in the village of New Harmony, on the Wabash river, where in company with three or four others he "got up" some dioramic paintings, fitted them for public exhibition in a flat boat which they built for the purpose, and started off down the Wabash with the intention of coasting that river into the Ohio, and so down the Mississippi to New Orleans; thus exhibiting to the sparse population of the wilderness, specimens of the fine arts, at the same time replenishing their exhausted funds. This proved to be a very unfortunate speculation. The capital of the company gave out before they were able to complete their plans, and they left port with their boat in an unfinished condition, calculating to finish it with their first proceeds, they having invested their last few dimps in a snpply of bacon, corn, meal, and potatoes: but fate conspired against them. The river was low, and none of them had ever descended it; consequently they were ignorant of the channel, and lodged on the sand bars, and hung on the snags until they exhausted their scanty supply of provisions. They at length found themselves fast on a sand bar, and down to their last peck of potatoes at the same time. They labored hard all day to get out of this predicament, but without success; and having roasted their last potatoes, they went to bed or rather to bench, for their money gave out before they had procured bedding, and they had to content themselves with the softest side of a plank, for their slumbers. Next morning they were up before the sun, with their spirits refreshed by a night's repose, but without any breakfast, they jumped into the water, and with their rails went stontly to work again to force their boat over the bar. Over exertion, together with being in the water too long without food brought a severe fit of the ague upon Banvard. The bar upon which they were fast was called the Bone-bank bar, as immediately opposite the on the shore, the bank of the river was full of organic remains. Some of the large bones were then protruding out of the side of the bank in full view. As Banvard lay on the soft sand of the bar, (it was more comfortable than the hard plank of the boat) his head burning with fever, and his limbs scorched with pain, he looked at these gloomy relics of an antediluvian race, and felt as though his bones would soon be laid with them. But at sunset the rest of the company got the boat over the bar, took Banvard aboard, and landed in the woods, all nearly exhausted. Food was as scarce here as it was on the bar, and all went supperless to bed. Next morning they started early, not intent on exhibitrng specimens of the fine arts, but on obtaining something to eat, as by this time they were all nearly starved. But the contrary winds landed their luckless craft on Wabash island, which was uninhabited. Here, fortunately, they found some paw-paws, and they all feasted voraciously on them except Banvard, who was too sick to eat anything, and who lay upon one of the benches burning with a violent fever. Next day they sent their hand-bills down to the village of Shawneetown, which was in sight about seven miles ahead, informing the inhabitants that something would be "done up brown" in the dioramic line that evening, at their wharf; and so there was; for as the company approached the wharf with their boat, no doubt with high expectations of a good supper, they observed a large audience awaiting their arrival. But the exhibition turned out different from what was expected. The boat lodged on a ledge of rocks about half a cable's length from the shore. The men from the boat got out a line to the people on the wharf, who pulled with the same eagerness that the half starved company on board pushed and pried with their poles. But fate, regardless of the laws of action and re-action, as well as the interests of the fine arts in Shawneetown, held the boat fast, and the audience went away without a sight of the paintings, & the artists to sleep again without a supper.—

That night the swells of a passing steamer lifted the boat from the rocks, and set it afloat down the river; and when those on board awoke in the morning they found themselves again hard aground on the Cincinnatti bar, about eight miles below Shawneetown. The boat was got off with but little trouble, and they landed in a settlement. Here they were very liberal in their terms, as money was scarce, and they wanted to make sure of something to eat. A bushel of potatoes, a fowl, or a dozen of eggs, were good for an admission to their interesting exhibition. That night, after they got through they had a luxurious supper. Fasting so long appears to have done Banvard some good, for it starved the fever out of him, and in a few days he was entirely well.

The adventurers continued on with the boat, stopping at the settlements along shore, and "astonishing the natives" with their dioramas. The boat was not very large, and if the audience collected too much on one side, the water would intrude over their low gunwales into the exhibition room. This kept the company by turns in the unartist-like employment of pumping, to keep the boat from sinking. Sometimes the swells from a passing steamer would cause the water to rush through the cracks of the weatherboarding, and give the audience a bath. Banvard says they made no extra charge for this part os the exhibition, although it was not mentioned in the programme.

Money being scarce, they were compelled to receive "truck and trade" for admissions, such as onions, potatoes, eggs, et cetera. It was no unusual thing to see a family coming down to see the "show boat," the father with a bushel of potatoes, the mother with a fowl, and the children with a pumpkin a-piece, for their admission fees. On a certain night, while they were exhibiting, some rogue let the boat loose, and it drifted off several miles down the stream with the spectators, who were landed in a thick cane-brake. They were obliged to make their way home as best they could.

At Plumb Point the boat was attacked by a party of the Murell robbers, a large organized banditti, who infested the cotntry for miles around; and here our hero came near losing his life. Several pistol shots were fired at him but being in the dark, none of them took effect, although several lodged in the deck of the boat within a few inches of him. After a desperate resistance, during which one of the robbers was shot, the boat was rescued. During the encounter, one of the hands received a very severe wound in the arm from a bowie-knife, but the rest escaped unhurt. Mr. Banvard continued with the boat until it reached the Grand Gulf, where he obtained permission to paint some views. He had found the receipts of the floating expedition to be more potatoes than dimes, more eggs than dollass: so he sold out his interest and left. We know nothing farther of this expedition, but Banvard seems to have been satified with floating dioramas.

After this, Mr. Banvard engaged in painting at New Orleans, Natchez, and subsequent at Cincinnatti and Louisville, and was liberally rewarded. Not content, however, he executed a very fine panorama of the city of Venice, and exhibited in the West, with considerable success, and afterwards sold it at a good price. Having accumulated a little capital, we next find him at St. Louis, as the proprietor of the St. Louis museum, which he had purchased of Mr. Koch, who had left it to exhibit his large skeleton of the Missourian. But here fate frowned again upon his efforts. He remained in St. Louis just long enough to lose all he had previously earned, and then left for Cincinnatti, where he fared little better. He then procured a small boat and started down the Ohio river, without a dime, and lived several days upon nuts which he collected in the woods. His next stopping place was a small town where he did some painting, and sold a revolving pistol which he had given twelve dollars for in St. L. for twenty-five dollars. With this capital he bought a larger boat, got some produce aboard, which he retailed out along shore; then sold his concern for fifty dollars. Having now a little capital, the young artist made several very successful speculations, and managed to make, during this Quixotic expedition, three thousand dollars. With the capital thus accumulated, he commenced his grand project of painting the Panorama of the Mississippi.

He procured a small skiff and descended the river to make the necessary drawings, in the Spring of 1840, and the first sketch was made just before he became of age. Had he been aware, when he commenced the undertaking, of the vast amount of labor it required, he would have shrunk from the task in dismay; but having commenced the work, he was determined to proceed, being spurred on to its completion, perhaps, by the doubts of some of his friends to whom he communicated his project, as to its practicability, and by the assertion of some foreign writers, that "America had no artists commensurate with the grandeur and extent of her scenery." The idea of gain never entered his mind when he commenced the undertaking, but he was actuated by a patriotic and honorable ambition, that America should produce the *largest painting* in the world.

One of the greatest difficulties he encountered, was the preparatory labor he had to undergo in making the necessary drawing. For this purpose he had to travel thousands of miles in an open skiff alone, crossing and re-crossing the rapid stream, in many places over two miles in breadth, to select proper points of view from which to take his sketch; his hands became hardened with constantly plying the oar, and his skin as tawney as an Indian's from exposure to the rays of the sun, and the vicissitudes of the weather. He would be weeks together without speaking to a human being, having no other company than his rifle, which furnished him with his meat from the game of the woods or the fowls of the river. When the sun began to sink behind the lofty bluffs, and evening to approach, he would select some secluded sandy cove, overshadowed by the lofty cotton wood, draw out his skiff from the water, and repair to the woods to hunt his supper. Having killed his game, he would return, dress, cook, and from some fallen log would eat it with his biscuit, with no other beverage than the wholesome water of the noble river that glided by him. Having finished his lonely meal, he would roll himself in his blanket, creep under his frail skiff, which he turned over to shield him from the night dews, and with his portfolio of drawings for his pillow, and the sand of the bar for his bed, would sleep soundly till the morning; when he would arise from his lowly couch, eat his breakfast before the rays of the rising sun had dispersed the humid mist from the surface of the river—then would he start fresh to his task again. In this way he spent over four-hundred days, making the preparitory drawings. Several nights during the time, he was compelled to creep from under his skiff where he slept, and sit all night on a log, breasting the pelting storm, through fear that the banks of the river would cave upon him, and to escape the falling trees. During this time, he pulled his little skiff more than two thousand miles. In the latter part of the summer he reached New Orleans. The yellow fever was raging in the city, but unmindful of that, he made his drawing of the place. The sun, the while was so intensely hot, that his skin became so burnt that it peeled from off the back of his hands and his face. His eyes became inflamed by such constant and extraordinary efforts, from which unhappy effects he has not recovered to this day. His drawings completed, he erected a building at Louisville, Kentucky, to transfer them to the canvas. His object in painting this picture in the West was to exhibit it to, and procure testimonials from those who were best qualified to judge of its fidelity—the practical river men; and he has procured the names of nearly all the principal Captains and pilots navigating the Mississippi, freely testifying to the correctness of the scenery.

Mr. Banoard's money gave out just before he finished his picture. He endeavored to get credit for a few pieces of canvass to complete it, of the merchant of whom he had purchased the principal part of this material, and with whom he hae expended hundreds of dollars while speculating on the river, but in vain. Fortunately he obtained a small job to decorate regalia for the Odd-Fellows. With the avails he procured canvas to finish his picture. He was obliged during all this time, to practice great economy. He spilt and carried his wood and water after it was too dark to paint. When his pictuae was finished he had not a genteel suit of clothes. He endeavored to obtain credit for a coat of a person who professed to be his friend, but in vain. The Gas Company, too, before they would put up fixtures for him, ordered him to deposite *double* the amount of the cost of such fixtures in their bank. To raise this amount he *gave* a piece of Philosophical apparatus to a society in the city, provided they bought fifty tickets in advance. They agreed to this of course as they desired the apparatus very much, and it was worth twice the amount they paid for the tickets.

The first night he opened in Louisville, he received not a cent. The night was rainy.—The artist returned to his room with a sorrowful heart. But "there are better times a coming." On the next night of exhibition he received the enormous sum of ten dollars. Finally, the public became convinced that his picture was worth looking at, and then they flocked to see it by hundreds. The great painter left the city with a few thousand dollars. He went directly to Boston, where the work of art has been duly appreciated. Admiring thousands have visited it, and the enterprising artist is deservedly reaping a golden harvest.

Captivity of Lt. Whipple.

The *Sun of Anahuac* publishes the following letter from Lieut. Whipple, giving an account of his capture and treatment as a prisoner:

QUATEPEC, July 19, 1847.

Dear Sir:—I have been a prisoner at this place two days, and have the honor to report myself as a live man. I am credibly informed that my friend, private Barnes, escaped with life. The particulars of the capture were as follows:

Induced by the lively description of Mr. Barnes, I visited a Catholic burying-ground outside the city walls of Vera Cruz. It proved farther than I anticipated, but as many people were on every side of me, I never thought of danger, though Barnes was wholly unarmed, not having even a stick, and myself was without pistols, either in my holsters or about my person, and armed with my sword only, which, under any tolerable advantages, would be all a soldier might ask. We dismounted and hitched our horses near the gate and entered the yard, which is surrounded by a very high brick wall. Here I leisurely observed the novelties of the first Catholic burial place I had ever seen; and as we came through a small gate we were surprised by three men on horseback, within twenty feet, riding toward us with carbines presented and demanding me to surrender.

At first I could not believe these men to be in earnest, a subject on which I soon saw they entertain no doubt, for seeing me plant my back against the wall and draw my sword, they dismounted, made a flourish with their carbines, repeating their demand of surrender. I advanced toward them one or two paces to get striking distance, when they all drew their swords and made toward me—one of them a Mexican captain I have since learned, Jose Maria Prieto, made a strong blow at my head; just as they drew and advanced my friend Barnes, not having a single weapon, turned the gate and I saw no more of him. I fortunately broke the force of the blow by a parry, not, however, in season to prevent the captain's blade making such a striking impression on my skull as nearly to stun me, but not sufficient owing, as I think, to the dullness of his blade and my cloth cap, to inflict a gash.

Of course I reciprocated his attention by a strong cut at his neck, when he and the other two soldiers who had been kept back by the swing of my blade sprung back about five paces from me, threw their swords upon the ground and drew up their carbines, which they had retained in their left hands, aimed deliberately at my head, all cocked, and again demanded a surrender. I then stood with my back to the wall and the three men on the other three sides all beyond my reach, and so far from each other as to give me no chance to strikes at them or their weapons. I then asked them what they wanted, in order to gain time, affecting not to know whether they wanted my money or myself. They soon seemed aware of my intent, and although from the begining it was obvious they wished to avoid discharging their pieces so near the city, I saw unmistakable signs that the time of parley was close. Unable to reach my horse or attack them, I surrendered to the captain and the three bringing my arms behind me and taking the end of the rope with which they had tied my hands, one of them mounted my horse and putting me on a mustang rode off at full speed. Farther particulars of my journey I shall write hereafter.

I arrived within ten miles of this place late at night—slept a short time in as good lodging as any body—on the premises of a few scattering rancheros: rose and got here about seven in the morning. From the time of my capture I was honorably treated by the captain as a prisoner of war. After crossing a deep river he loosed my arms and we went on. Strange to say, with that perversity of character which never fails me, I rode on through the deep forests, the sequestered paths abounding in new and beautiful flowers and vines, and all that my heart ever conceived of loveliness in Nature, so lost in admiration of the unsurpassable glories of the way as to feel almost forgetful that I was bound, and wholly careless about the result of my noval situation. Some faint description of this truly lovely route you shall have hereafter.

Now a few words of my treatment. In me, all that has been said of Mexican cruelty has been wholly falsified. I was placed in the house of the Signora Augustina Fernando. She has treated me with more than hospitality. I have received at her hands the kindness and tenderness of a mother. To-night I cannot devote time to particulars, but I earnestly desire all may know her kindness to an American prisoner. But this is only a begining. You will be astonished to hear that all the inhabitants of this village have extended toward me more than the elegant civilities of refined life—they have received me cordially at their houses—they have given me assistance with a delicacy and propriety which no American community can excel; for instance, the signora caused me to be furnished with a clean linen shirt, and had all my dirty clothes (thanks to life in camp) washed.

The Catholic padre, Manual de Silvir, furnished me every comfort, and crowned all his attention to me by communicating in Latin that my friend Barnes had been heard from and was alive. He walked with me arm and arm about the village, visiting the alcalde, a most benevolent and kind hearted man, and the principal places in the town, and his church among others, and gave me money and clothes to dress as a citizen, and save me the mortification of going to Cordova in American uniform: at his own suggestion. He has done me the kindness to propose to carry, cause this letter to be sent to Vera Cruz, and in everything has been truly to a friend and a Christian—God grant his example may be imitated by all clergymen. By means of the Latin, I could learn and communicate most that I could be made to understand